Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: hee knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.

Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a ſound, but not in gouernment.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beautious Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man with lyme and roughcaſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through wals chinke (poore ſoules) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Louers thinke no ſcorne
To meete at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweete youth and tall,
And findes his truſty *Thisbies* Mantle ſlaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloody breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remaine.

Theſ.

Theſ. I wonder if the Lyon be to ſpeake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, wh
Aſſes do.

Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Mo

Wall. In this ſame Interlude it doth befall,
That I, one *Flute* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, *Piramus* and *Thisby*,
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This lome, this roughcaſt, and this ſtone doth ſho
That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whiſp
Theſ. Would you deſire lime and haire to ſpeak
Deme. It is the wittieſt partition, that euer I h
courſe, my Lord.

Theſ. Piramus drawes neere the wall, ſilence.

Pir. O grim lookt night, ô night with hue ſo bla
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promiſe is forgot.
And thou ô wall, ô ſweete, ô louely wall,
That ſtands betweene her Fathers ground and min
Thou wall, ô wall, ô ſweete and louely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blink through with mine
Thanks courteous wall. *Ioue* ſhield thee well for t
But what ſee I? No *Thisby* do I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones, for thus deceiuing me.

Theſ. The wall me-thinks being ſenſible, ſhoul
gaine.

Pir. No in truth ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing me*
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall